AUM

To feed a single good man is infinitely greater in point of merit than attending to questions about heaven and earth, spirits and demons, such as occupy ordinary men.—*Sutra of Forty-two Sections*, 10.

Our deeds, whether good or evil, follow us like shadows.—*Fo-sho-hing-tsan-king*. v. 1629.

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Plain Theosophical Traces.

IN the *Key to Theosophy* the author says that at the last quarter of each century there is always a distinct movement partaking of the nature of the present Theosophical one, and this opinion is held by many Theosophists. Can these efforts be traced? Did any people call themselves by the name "Theosophist" one hundred years ago? Is it necessary that all such movements should have been called in the past "Theosophical"? And if the claim that such movements are started by the Adepts be true, is the present Society the only body with which those beings work?

Taking up the last question first, we may turn to H. P. B. for authority. She often said that while the T. S. movement of to-day was distinctly under the care of the Adepts, it was not the only one through which effect was sought to be made on the race-thought and ethics, but that in many different ways efforts were constantly put forward. But still, she insisted, the T. S. wears the badge, so to say, of the Eastern and Ancient Schools, and therefore has on it the distinctive mark—or what the Sanskrit calls *lakshana*—of the old and united Lodge of Adepts. Inquiring further of reason and tradition, we find that it would be against both

to suppose that one single organization should be the sole channel for the efforts of the Brotherhood. For if that Brotherhood has the knowledge and power and objects attributed to it, then it must use every agency which is in touch with humanity. Nor is it necessary to assume that the distinct efforts made in each century, as contradistinguished from the general current of influence in all directions, should be called Theosophical. The Rosicrucians are often supposed not to have existed at all as a body, but deep students have come to the conclusion that they had an organization. They were Christian in their phraseology and very deep mystics; and while they spoke of Holy Ghost, Sophia, and the like, they taught Theosophy. They were obliged by the temper of the time to suit themselves to the exigencies of the moment, for it would have been extreme folly to destroy the hope of making any effect by rushing out in opposition then. It is different now, when the air and the thought are free and men are not burned by a corrupt church for their opinions. In one sense the T. S. is the child of the Rosicrucian Society of the past. H.P.B. often said this, and inquiry into their ideas confirms the declaration. The Rosicrucians were Christian in the beginning and descendants afterwards of Christians. Even to-day it is hinted that in one of the great cities of this new Republic there is a great charity begun and carried on with money which has been given by descendants of the Rosicrucians under inward impulse directed by certain of the Adepts who were members of that body. For blood does count for something in this, that until an Adept has passed up into the seventh degree he is often moved in accordance with old streams of heredity. Or to put it another way, it is often easier for an Adept to influence one who is in his direct physical line than one who by consanguinity as well as psychic heredity is out of the family.

Looking into Germany of 200 years ago, we at once see Jacob Bœhme. He was an ignorant shoemaker, but illuminated from within, and was the friend and teacher of many great and learned men. His writings stirred up the Church; they have influence today. His life has many indications in it of help from the Masters of Wisdom. A wide-spread effect from his writings can be traced through Germany and over to France even after his death. He called himself a Christian, but he was also named "Theosopher", which is precisely Theosophist, for it was only after his day that people began to use "ist" instead of "er". Long after his death the influence lasted. In the sixties many hundreds of his books were deliberately sent all over the world. They were given free

to libraries all over the United States, and prepared the way for the work of the Theosophical Society in an appreciable measure, though not wholly.

One hundred years ago there was such a movement in France, one of the agents of which was Louis Claude, Count St. Martin, whose correspondence was called "Theosophical correspondence". He refers to Bœhme, and also to unseen but powerfnl help which saved him from dangers during the Revolution. His books, *L' Homme de Désir* and others, were widely read, and there are hints of a Society which, however, was compelled to keep itself secret. At the same date almost may be noted the great American Revolution influenced by Thomas Paine, who, though reviled now by ignorant theologians, was publicly thanked by Washington and the first Congress. This republic is a Theosophical effort, for it gives freedom, and fortunately does not declare for any particular religion in the clauses of its Constitution. Hints have been thrown out that the Adepts had some hand in the revolt of the Colonies in 1775. In replying to Mr. Sinnett some years ago, it was written by his Teacher that the Brotherhood dealt with all important human movements, but no one could arraign the body at the bar and demand proofs.

Bro. Buck wrote in 1889: "I have a volume entitled *Theosophical Transactions of the Philadelphian Society*, London, 1697, and another dated 1855, entitled *Introduction to Theosophy or the Science of the Mystery of Christ*, and in 1856 *Theosophical Miscellanies* was issued."

About 1500 years ago Ammonius Saccas made a similar effort which was attended with good results. He had almost the same platform as the T. S., and taught that the aim of Jesus was to show people the truth in all religions and to restore the ancient philosophy to its rightful seat. It is not at all against the theory we are dealing with that the various efforts were not dubbed with the same name. Those who work for the good of humanity, whether they be Adepts or not, do not care for a mere name; it is the substantive effort they seek, and not a vindication in the eyes of men of being first or original or anything else.

But we have only considered the Western World. All these centuries since A. D. 1, and long before that, Theosophical efforts were put forth in Asia, for we must not forget that our theories, as well as those of Ammonius Saccas, are Eastern in their origin. However much nations may at first ignore the heathen and barbarian, they at last came to discover that it is frequently to the heathen the Christian owes his religion and philosophy. So while

Europe was enjoying the delights of rude and savage life, the Easterns were elaborating, refining, and perfecting the philosophy to which we owe so much. We who believe in the Adepts as Brothers of Humanity must suppose that ignorance did not prevail in the Brotherhood as to the effect sure to be one day produced in Europe whenever her attention could be diverted from money-making and won to the great Eastern stores of philosophy. This effect came about through England, Germany, and France. Frenchmen first drew attention to the *Upanishads*, Germans went in for Sanscrit, and England conquered India, so that her metaphysical mines could be examined in peace. We have seen the result of all this more and more every year. There is less ignorant, narrow prejudice against the "heathen", the masses are beginning to know that the poor Hindu is not to be despised in the field of thought, and a broader, better feeling has gradually developed. This is much better than the glorification of any Brotherhood, and the Lodge is always aiming at such results, for selfish pride, arrogance, and the love of personal dominion have no place therein. Nor should they in our present Theosophical Society.

WILLIAM BREHON.

Some Fallacies of Metaphysical Healing

IN a previous paper attention was called from the standpoint of Theosophy, and particularly in relation to the teaching of Karma, to what is known as Metaphysical Healing, an analogy having then been drawn between the methods employed in this system and the similar ones used in hypnotic experimentation, to which the Mental Cure so popular in this country is apparently near enough of kin to be accounted cousin-german. From a sense of the urgency of the subject, a danger signal was hoisted for the warning of advocates of the psychopathic theory of treating disease, hinting that extremely hazardous resnlts might accrue from the evocation of the finer natural forces, the manipulation and mastery of which are absolutely unknown to the majority. The view now to be taken is that of any unbiassed student and observer to whose notice has been presented the system of religion and philosophy called Spiritual Healing, first in its aspect of theoretical, and then of practical fallacy, as exhibited in its text-books and in its records of practice.

The first and most glaring fallacy of the whole system of psychopathic treatment is that either a philosophy or a religion is a necessary adjunct to a successful result, which mistaken assumption has

led to the manufacture of a brand-new worship compounded in unequal portions of an exorbitant estimate of physical perfection, and a passionate, if ignorant, adoration of the power and function of Spirit or Mind, the strange assertions of this novel *cultus* resembling nothing hitherto known in the domain of either religion or philosophy.

From an exhaustive investigation of the tenets of the new school it is forcibly borne in upon the belief, that its theories are based rather on the instinctual and emotional than on the perceptive and intuitional order,—or, in other words, that its creed is more a matter of strong and passionate *feeling* as to the promised results, than of *clear seeing* as to the tendencies of the methods employed, or as to the drift of thought involved.

It is a well authenticated fact in the respective annals of both curers of bodies and of souls, as well as further attested in the provings of psychologists, that to effect a miracle whether of physical or spiritual healing, the application of any special dogma of religion or a particular theory of philosophy is sublimely immaterial, so long as the absolute requisite is present of a state of expectant attention highly sensitive to suggestibility. Who has not heard the story of Sir Humphrey Davy with his thermometer poked down the throat of a paralytic patient, who straightway proclaimed himself greatly benefited thereby, so that the treatment was continued for a fortnight till the lame could walk and leap again? Had the astute scientist discoursed to the invalid on his laborious researches and learned theories without calling in the aid of the little instrument which aroused the patient's curiosity and hope, thereby provoking the expectant state favorable to the reactionary processes of nature, it may well be doubted if so successful a result would have been brought about. A parallel case in the records of moral reformation is recounted of a listener to one of the eloquent Whitfield's open-air sermons, who was converted from a career of great wickedness to one of accredited saintliness, not by the orator's forcible denunciations of vice and exhortations to virtue, but by the magic word *Mesopotamia*, pronounced several successive times in the melting tones of the preacher, which so stirred the man to the very depths of his being that a complete inward revolution resulted, thus also affording an illustration of the potency of sound, which according to occult science is capable of effecting great changes in the vibratory currents in and around us.

It is therefore maintained that an inculcation of either religion or philosophy is irrelevant to a cure by the psychopathic process, any abracadabra string of illiterate words, or even mere gib-

berish, sufficing to centre the attention and call up the requisite conditions for the strongly-applied suggestion to take effect, just as in the frankly avowed forms of Hypnotism the gaze is directed to a glittering piece of metal, a bright light, or even to the tip-end of one's nose, for the similar purpose of inducing entire passivity in the subject.

Metaphysical Healers, however, claim that their system is a Spiritual Science based on an absolutely true philosophy of existence, acceptance of and conformity to which is indispensable to the desired boon of recovered health. Let us, then, consider *seriatim* some of the postulates of this new creed, which has for opening formula that "the true comprehension of man's relations to the Infinite is the secret of physical health."

It is impossible not to be struck on the very threshold of the inquiry by the disproportion of the means to the end. Here we are met by nothing short of a monopoly of the highest knowledge attainable by man, for what? For the improvement of the sordid conditions of moral degradation and besotted ignorance that baffle the wisdom and lacerate the feelings of the philanthropist? No; for the amelioration of certain ordinary ailments of the individual, which if supported in the right frame of mind would teach the sufferer invaluable lessons in fortitude, resignation, and self-denial, while still perfectly amenable to long-tried and accepted means of cure.

Upon opening the hand books of this Science another shock is in store for us in the announcement that this scheme of health is to be imparted in the scant measure of twelve short chapters, or in a series of Lessons covering at the outside three weeks. For a subject purporting to be no less profound than a "true comprehension of the Infinite" and "a complete knowledge of mental laws leading to right thought-action", it is a startlingly brief term of tuition, when we consider that for a right understanding of such high themes a whole life-time of studious devotion and vigorous asceticism is not deemed superfluous in some Eastern lands, where such subjects have for long ages been the best understood.

The fallacy that next greets our notice in the opening lessons is, that after the positive statement of the "one and only power and principle in the Universe and in man" being Spirit or God, *i.e.*, Good, called also Infinite Mind,—we are suddenly brought face about and confronted with a second principle, conveniently denominated, in order to fit into the exigencies of stubborn fact, "mortal, finite, or natural mind". This "mortal or natural mind" forthwith serves as explanation of all the undeniable conditions

which environ us, such as material bodies, sin, sickness, and death; but its entrance upon the scene is rather bewildering immediately after the positive declaration that—"There is only Infinite Mind or GOOD which is All-in-All, *therefore there can be no room for anything else*". It is not so surprising that this primary statement of only "One Principle GOD, or GOOD, or Spirit" should be succeeded in the teaching of some metaphysicians by the further one that—"there is no matter", since to be thoroughly consistent such would be their only tenable position. Wonder is excited, however, by a certain school postulating the same "one and only Principle", but thereupon declaring that there is matter too; having made which admission they proceed to announce that "*matter is dead stuff with no life or force in it*", thus ignoring the necessary interpenetration of Spirit with matter, in order that the latter should exist at all.

Another very curious fallacy is the denial of all hereditary influences affecting physical conditions, seen in the following exhortation: "Do not believe in hereditary disposition, temperament, or disease; heredity is a falsity, an unreality; we inherit only from Spirit, GOOD"—etc., etc., when all natural history, science, and observation give the lie direct to the assertion. To aid them in their theory, the healers here request us to blindfold our eyes to the patent facts of similarity of family trait and feature, and of racial and national characteristic, in order to suit the rose-pink optimism that so airily brushes aside all inconvenient obstacles to its working power. Taking a pair of instances from historic lines, we especially submit to the consideration and solution of this school of metaphysicians the retreating forehead and heavy jaw of the Bourbon family, and the high, narrow brow and weak chin of the Stuarts, which distinctive eccentricities of feature in each race denoted corresponding defects of mental and moral equilibrium.

A third fallacy may be found in the assumption that fear is the source of all disease, and also that moral states are directly productive of physical ailments, embodied in the following—"Look for causes of every disorder in some form of fear or sin"—etc., etc., whereupon succeeds a list of every imaginable crime, and even peccadillo, possible to erring human nature—more, indeed, than there are diseases to fit into, a point of no moment, however, since diseases are "nothing but unrealities" and "sins" likewise. Indeed we hardly know whether to make merry over or to bemoan the grotesque and superstition-engendering tendency of the following statement: "Jealousy, anger, pride cause rheumatism,

neuralgia, etc. Despondency produces malaria and diarrhœa. Egotism, covetousness, and obstinacy cause catarrh, congestions of the lungs and liver, and also constipation". Taking then the hypothesis of fear in the case of a sound and sturdy infant (with no trace of consumptive tendency in its constitution) suffering from an attack of congestion of the lungs, the malady would be due to an abject dread in the mind of the little victim that it would fall a prey thereto, rather than to the more obvious explanation of an undue exposure to a draught or to a March wind. Then again, if sins are such deadly foes to health we should look for a triumphant demonstration of the theory in the criminal classes, where, however, the reverse obtains, since among them healthy conditions, robust constitutions, and stalwart, if coarse, physiques are apt to be found. If Metaphysical Science finds the truth of its statement in this regard restricted to the sins and ailments of the comparatively moral portion of the community only, it should make a more modest claim than it does at present to have a universal interest and application.

To turn now to fallacies as related to practice, that of using food for sustentation of bodily life appears the most salient, when the books say: "Teach them that their bodies are nourished more by Truth than by food",—the logical deduction therefrom being that if the body is wholly responsive to Spirit in disease it should be equally so in health, and that its needful nutriment should be derived from the same source as its vitality, *i.e.* by thought-action. Nor is this any stretching of the bounds of possibility, for the Yogis of India are said to go for long periods with no nourishment, and at other times subsist only on a few grains of rice.

Another obvious discrepancy between the vaulting theory and the halting practice is the setting of a bar in surgical cases to the thought or mind power, thus:—"Mental Science is always the most skilful surgeon, but surgery is the branch of its healing that will be the last demonstrated,"—there being no more insuperable difficulty discernible in a wound readily reached from the surface, —take, for instance, a dislocated shoulder or a fractured member, than one whose seat is obscure, such as a brain lesion or ruptured blood-vessels,—the latter constituting cases jauntily enough undertaken by the healer, with no abatement of confidence whatever.

Finally we may mention the gross inconsistency, to which is added the sacrilege, of claiming money dues for the good wrought when the power used is ascribed to the loftiest plane of Spirit. After all this excessive idealism, this soaring aloft in the empyrean, it is a rude awakening to find that one form of matter at

least, that known in the Scriptures, so frequently quoted by these practitioners, as "dross" and "filthy lucre", yet remains substantial in the estimation of the Metaphysical Healer. Were they but wisely willing to base their art upon the mental plane alone, no one would cavil at the healers for demanding a fair price for the time given and the thought concentrated, whether the result were successful or the reverse, since it is known that they are not ardent and disinterested investigators of a science or a philosophy, but simply people anxious to make an honest livelihood; the moment, however, they ambitiously seek to instil a religion, and claim their mission to be one of exalted piety and a Spiritual regeneratlon, it is inevitable that the reproach should be cast upon them, and not unjustly, of a traffic with holy things. Strictures of this nature are not uncharitable when we consider how mainly personal is the motive of all this kind of work. It is not in the slums of poverty and vice that we meet the advocates of Metaphysical Scicnce, endeavoring to assuage by the subtile diffusion of their right thought the misery they declare to be all a delusion if dealt with aright, or in the wards of the public hospitals ministering by their silent influence to the racking pains and aches of a poor humanity, so sorely deceived as to the reality of disease,—*their* art being reserved for other needs than these, and instantly responsive to the sednction of the Almighty dollar.

There would seem, in conclusion, to be two exceptions where this system of metaphysical treatment, distinct from its foolish and noxious theories, might be used without detriment, and even with decided benefit. It has been predicted of the future of Hypnotism proper, that its field of usefulness as a curative agent will lie rather in the power to incite *self-suggestiveness* than to foster suggestibility by an exterior will. Metaphysical healing might here profit from the hint, for there seems no valid objection to the employment of auto-suggestion for the alleviation of certain types of disease, the great danger of its present use, in the subjection of one person's mind to that of another, being thus obviated. We all know weak vessels, whether male or female, who from excessive nervous irritability of temper, or great excitability of mental constitution, are burdens to themselves and to all around them by reason of their overweening regard for their physical infirmities, which, too faintly defined to come under the control of medicine *per se*, yet are sufficiently serious through their effect on the will and imagination of the sufferer to be extremely disabling to him and distressing to others. To such would Mental Science but make its exclusive appeal, cultivating in these promis-

ing subjects the art of self-suggestion tending toward self-cure, it would merit the everlasting gratitude of mankind. But, unfortunately, it is admitted by the healers to be a far more difficult operation to inculcate any such treatment of oneself than it is to impart to the pupil a system ot treatment for others. It is just here, however, that Hypnotism as a therapeutic agency may not unlikely overtake and outstrip the Metaphysical Cure, for the most painstaking investigators of the former pronounce self-suggestion to be of easy accomplishment, and most beneficial in its after results to the patient.

The other exception where Metaphysical influence may be usefully called in aid is in mitigation of the last agonies of a death bed, where the calm and soothing atmosphere shed over the scene is far more effective, as physicians themselves have testified, in producing the desired euthanasia, than the administration of stimulants and drugs which tend to excite the brain-action and becloud the last efforts of thought of the flitting mind.

If Metaphysical Healers would but discard their faulty logic, high-flown philosophy, and canting religious professions, and be content to confine their efforts towards improving the fate of a much-enduring race in these two directions alone, the medical profession would not improbably be presently compelled to recognize their usefulness, while the lay majority would infallibly hasten to follow where its doctors lead. But encumbered as the theory and the practice of Metaphysical Healing now are with a mass of extraneous, hurtful, and absurd teaching, the well educated and better balanced element of the community finds it impossible to do otherwise than stand disapprovingly aloof.

ELLICE KORTRIGHT, F. T. S.

A Lost Identity.

"WE will make a compact," she said; "while you are away we will sometimes speak to each other mentally, instead of writing, though we will write also. The time may come when thought-transference will take the place of writing as a means of communication; it would be very convenient,—one cannot always write, but, generally speaking, one can think."

"Yes," Robert Lyman assented, "as long as I am I, I can think. That's as far as my logic can take me."

"We rely far too much upon logic. What has it ever taught us concerning the Powers that be? Science has done something for

us; a few things we know, a few things we guess at, but we are so dense and dull and blind that we mistake the apparent for the real, and allow that to escape us continually. And you who could know a little more than the most of us, as I believe, look upon such knowledge as of no importance!"

"Isn't that an extreme way of stating it?"

"It's very near the fact."

"You love knowledge for its own sake; you hunger to know the why and the wherefore of every thing under the sun; I admire your zeal, but, at the same time, it seems to me that you are in danger of making a mistake. What do 'Counsels of Perfection' mean to you, Marian"?

"I think—I think they mean work; most earnest work in overcoming the lower self. What do they mean to you?"

"In one word—peace. If I should carry back this afternoon the books which you brought here last spring, you would have nothing to read, and you would come up here every day, and rest, and dream. You would loaf and invite your soul. You would feel the throb of the great heart of things. After a while you might find consolation for the loss of your books."

"If you took these away I should certainly send for others; what should I do without my books?"

"Perhaps you would be a law unto yourself."

Marian leaned back against a tree trunk, and meditated for a while. "You will do as I asked, will you not, Robert?" she said at length, turning from the confusion within to the peace without.

"I will try; but I almost wonder that you wish me to; if you really loved me, no thought-communion could be too close, but not really loving, half-loving at most—"

"We have worn that subject threadbare," she interrupted.

"If you would be my wife, Marian," he said, taking up the discussion where he had dropped it a week before, "you should be as free as you are to-day. You should live your own life; I would not have it otherwise. It would be a delightful arrangement,—you would have your liberty, and I should have you."

"That is a contradiction of terms, to begin with, as you know perfectly well. But what if I were to take you at your word, and make the most of my liberty? How long would you think such a state of affairs delightful, or even satisfactory? No; freedom of action is incompatible with deference to the wishes of others."

"I will gladly assume whatever risks there may be in the matter. I know what you are thinking—that you would wish to be

left very much alone: I know your ways, and would respect them. You should, and would, have all the solitude you wish for, but, on the other hand, when you have become accustomed to seeing me about you may not wish to be so much alone. You are a strong, splendid, magnificent woman, but you are not quite human; in all the years that I have known you you have treated me precisely as I believe you would treat a woman whose ways you happened to like. I am not finding fault with you; I am merely stating a fact."

"Why do you care for me? There are women enough, attractive, intellectual, charming women, who make no effort to dominate their lower natures. In them you would find the element which you miss in me."

"Light of my life, I want *you*,—because you are you and I am I, I suppose. But perhaps I can particularize a little; there is a stability about you that I never lose thought of. You stand for all the eternal verities. It is true that I question your judgment sometimes, but I never doubt you, your own dear self, in any slightest thing. You are the living embodiment of all that I recognize as good, and I follow wherever you lead. Goethe said it well: **'The eternal feminine leads us on.'**"

"You must not allow yourself to be led by me. Something higher should lead you."

"Don't try to controvert Nature; it's a waste of energy. I believe men and women should help each other; we should all help each other, and the lesser proposition is included in the greater. I admit there may be questions as to the best ways of helping, which each must decide for herself and for himself. I opened one of your sacred books just before we started out this afternoon, and my eyes fell on this:

'All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.'

Your old friend, the fisherman, was down by the shore this morning while I was taking an early swim, and told me that he had recently lost his wife; the poor old man said he had nothing to square himself by now,—and I should have nothing to square myself by if I were to lose you. You had better accept the situation. Perhaps you owe me something,—there may be an unsettled account between us."

For once Marian did not check the tender impulse that she felt; she took one of his hands in hers, and he, making the most of the passing moment, moved a little nearer and rested his head against her arm. Neither cared to break the blessed silence. It was a shadowy place, with only the whispering of the pines and the soft

lap of the waves falling on the hazy after-noon stillness. The edge of the bluff was roughly fringed with trees, the elms and maples already showing tints of early autumn in russet and yellow and first tender flushes of red; behind them was Boothbay, ancient and picturesque, and in front, filling all the wide horizon of east, south, and west, was the tender blue of the Atlantic, ruffled by the waves of the slowly in-coming tide.

Marian looked out to sea, pondering over many things, while he thought of her. "Are the details of your trip decided upon?" she asked at length.

"I think so. Westerly and I expect to leave Boston Tuesday morning. Our route will be by way of Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake, and the Puget Sound country to Northern California. After a month or six weeks on the Pacific Coast we expect to return by way of New Mexico and the Southern States. What are your plans for the fall?"

"Much the same as usual. I shall go home in a few days—you can write me there. I have mapped out a course of reading; further than that I have no plans."

"Does this continuous study satisfy you, Marian? Do you never tire of books and of thinking, and want *people?* In other words, will your studies keep you from missing me?"

"I shall miss your bodily presence," she answered with sweet seriousness. "You are very companionable, Robert."

Her voice, neither loud nor low, had a penetrative quality that touched him at times like a sound he had heard in a far-off time. He had found himself trying to remember whether it was a sound, after all. He sought an explanation now, for one brief instant, than gave it up.

"Even the birds listen when you speak; that jay, up in the tree there has looked at you for fully ten seconds, and when you were kind enough to say that you would miss my bodily presence he actually smiled."

She glanced up in time to see a flash of blue wings, as a gorgeous jay flew from a pine tree near.

"What more can I say? You, yourself, seem always near. If we realized our bodies less we would not concern ourselves uncomfortably with miles and hours. In truth, I have you and you have me. There is nothing in our friendship that I can wish changed except your wish to marry me. That troubles me; I can not give my mind to my work, and neither can I give it up."

"Robert," she said, in a tone of almost passionate protest, "*Those who know* have said that the occult and the physical should

never be mixed up; that one must concentrate on the one or on the other, and because I know my weakness I put the thought of marriage with you out of my mind. I have ceased to consider the possibility that it can be. For me there must be no divided duty, no divided purpose. You cannot know the faults of my nature as I know them, because they do not often come to the surface—they are in my thoughts; I must overcome them; I must rise above the self that wants your love and sympathy. I must do this alone. No one can help me to attain the higher life. I have told you this, though perhaps less explicitly, before."

"What is higher or purer or better in any sense than a perfect married life, in which each is helpful to the other?"

"A life in which one is helpful to all humanity; a life in which one diffuses good to all, instead of selfish happiness to one; and I must strive to reach that plane of living."

"We can work together—you in your way, I in mine, and I believe that our united influence will be helpful in other ways. Two are stronger than one: what do differing ways matter if each be true in itself, and if the aim be the same?"

Marian hesitated.

"You are attempting too much; you are trying to reach in a year, or a lifetime perhaps, a degree of perfection that must, it seems to me, come very, very slowly. In your haste you are gaining knowledge, but you are losing repose."

"And with all your efforts you have at least one thing to learn, from the beginning," he added, smiling.

A shrill whistle rang out on the sunny air,—the steamer *Star of the East* was approaching the wharf. Every Saturday night, from the middle of May to the middle of September, it touched at Boothbay and brought Robert to her; and every Sunday afternoon it touched there again and took him away.

They walked slowly down the hill. The purple haze of September lay over the land and over the water. The plash of waves, the hum of insects, the whirr of wings, made a music that Robert never heard without a thrill. For the moment he forgot Marian. To him, the rocks, the trees, the earth beneath his feet were instinct with life, moving on in harmony; he seemed to hear a rhythmic pulsation in the granite boulders, a low-toned murmur in every tree, an inarticulate murmur of life.

Marian, about to speak, glanced up at him—and refrained. She longed to see as he saw, to feel as he felt, but she spoke no word concerning it. Her own development had proceeded along straight, well-defined lines, laboriously thought out. With unwavering de-

termination and unfaltering zeal she had striven to think and act in accordance with her highest conceptions of Altruism; she had made very great efforts to learn the subtle laws which govern life; she had done all that will could do. But she knew that Robert, without concerning himself greatly as to the why and the wherefore, had advanced along paths she knew not to heights of tranquility that she had not reached..

"Robert," she said, as they approached the wharf, "you may be right in what you have said this afternoon—I do not know. But I must follow the plainest beckoning, wherever it may lead."

"I know that."

He held her hand for a moment at the wharf, then went on board the steamer, and she went slowly and thoughtfully back to the hotel which had been her home for five successive summers. From force of habit she opened one of her books, but her thoughts would wander, and to one who holds it a duty to make the most of the fleeting hours wandering thoughts are little less than a sin. At length she laid the book aside, but finding a state of restful passivity as difficult of attainment as close attention, she waited with what patience she could to hear the dinner bell ring.

In spite of her deep affection for him it was a relief to her that Robert was going away for a while. The course of reading that she had marked out for herself would require the illumination of all the mentality which she could bring to bear upon it to render it intelligible, even to her disciplined mind, and her control over her own nature was not yet strong enough to enable her to turn from an argument with Robert to her books without the distinct loss of the balance between the emotional and the mental faculties, necessary to the comprehension of an abstruse and difficult subject.

The following Saturday night Marian unpacked her trunk in her own and her aunt's home in Boston. With dissimilar beliefs, but with very similar tastes, they lived together in quiet friendliness. Both had the home-making instinct, with the difference that in the elder woman it had been cultivated and in the younger it had not. A bright fire burned in the library grate when Marian went in, and on the table were letters which had come for her during the week,—among them one from Robert.

"This letter was written at Chicago," said Marian, after reading it. "I shall hear from him again soon, from Salt Lake City."

The following week she was very busy. Numerous small affairs and duties required her attention after a four months' absence, and, attending to them with the thoroughness which characterized her, she had but little time in which to think of Robert. She did

not attempt to enter into rapport with him, for she thought his first endeavor to communicate with her by means of thought-transference would be made under circumstances more favorable than those incident to a railway trip through unfamiliar and diverting scenes. But once in California, he would have occasional rests from sight-seeing—occasional quiet hours, and would then fulfil his promise. Unfortunately, from her point of view, Robert had little, if any, interest in anything pertaining to phenomena.

Ten days later she received another letter, written at Salt Lake City. "I have decided to leave here Friday morning, the 29th," she read aloud, "and expect to reach Portland, Oregon, Sunday morning, in time for an early breakfast, after which you can imagine me tramping the streets, exploring the Columbia, or gazing at Mount Hood."

Westerly left here yesterday—business takes him north, almost to the British line, but as soon as that is accomplished he will meet me at San Francisco and we shall go on together. I may remain in Portland for a few days, but am not certain. I hope to be able to give you in my next letter an address to which you can write.

Did you see the western prairies with me? Level fields of short, wild grass, yellow, russet, tawny brown, glistening in the sunlight in tints that would be the despair of Titian himself, stretching away for hundreds of miles—nothing but sky and plains anywhere. At twilight they are somber and restful. At night, under a moon such as we never see in our lower altitude, stirring with every breeze, they are rippling seas of silver."

"Robert will be in Portland to-morrow, then," said Mrs. Graham. "To morrow will be Sunday, the first day of October."

Sunday morning, in her room, Marian read the letter again. "The difference in time between here and in Portland is perhaps three hours and a half," she thought; "it is now half past ten by my time, and about seven by Portland time."

Her aunt's voice at the door interrupted her thoughts: "Marian, may I come in"?

Marian opened the door.

"There is something wrong with my wrap—I cannot fasten it. Will you look at it, please"?

Marian's keener eyes found tiny hooks and loops, which she had begun to fasten, when she stopped and looked around.

"What are you looking for?" Mrs. Graham asked, as Marian turned her perplexed face toward her.

"I thought some one spoke to me."

"I heard nothing. You must have mistaken."

"No, I do not mistake; some one *is* speaking to me, though it is not an audible voice, as it seemed at first."

She bent her head slightly, as though listening; by her half-shut eyes and the set lines of her mouth Mrs. Graham perceived that all her faculties were concentrated in her effort to hear and to understand.

"It may not be a voice," she said abruptly. "I am not sure. It may be a sound, merely. All I know with certainty is that I hear something."

Mrs. Graham sank into the nearest chair. "Do you think that anything has happened—to Robert?"

Her voice fell to a whisper. In the depths of her being she had a belief which she rarely expressed or even hinted at, that at the moment of death the liberated spirit, transcending space and matter, could make itself known to the soul that was dearest; and to Marian *he* would come, when the golden cord was broken.

"I think it cannot be Robert," Marian answered, calmly. "If he were trying now to tell me that he has arrived in Portland, the thought in his mind would scarcely present itself to my mind in this strange form. I should perceive the very words of his thought."

"It may be an hallucination," Mrs. Graham suggested eagerly.

Marian smiled. "Hallucinations result from abnormal states of the nervous system; at least that is what the doctors say. I am perfectly well."

"Perhaps it is your mother. You were ten years old when she left us, and you remember her. Is it she?"

"It is not my mother. It is sometimes necessary to be very careful in order to distinguish between perception and imagination. If I allow myself to think that it may be such or such a person, I am liable to deceive myself. I must know as I know you, without thinking who you are. It must associate itself, without help from me, with some individuality known to me, or I cannot be sure that I had nothing to do with creating it. It is vague and impersonal, and it must define itself."

This was the beginning: nameless, elusive but persistent, for days *something* made itself felt behind the dull walls of sense-perception. And one day, as suddenly as comes a flash of light from a black sky, came to her a degree of comprehension as to what it meant,—back of the bundle of registered experiences which we call mind, back of recollection and beyond the furthest reach of the association of ideas, *some one* spoke to the Self in her, in a language too subtle for sense to grasp. The comprehension of this

fact gave her an almost painful sense of responsibility: *something was required of her.* Twice each day she shut herself up in her room to cultivate states of negation, conditions of receptivity, through which she hoped to know more. But the message was untranslateable. The language of the Self was not the language of the mind, whose painful efforts to understand were futile. The Self spoke, but not as she had thought, or hoped, or imagined it would speak: through the dim aisles of memory a simile which she thought her own came, touched her, and lingered; and she called the voice which haunted her "The Cry of a Lost Soul".

Days went by, and no letter, no word, was received from Robert, from Portland or from California. Days lengthened into weeks, and still no letter came, nor any message intelligible to her as such. That there was, that there must be, the relation of cause and effect between his silence and the mystery of the voice, she could not doubt.

That he had died she did not believe; nothing in her experience or philosophy led her to accept as reasonable such a resultant to the separation of forces called death. And if illness or accident had prevented him from writing, Mr. Westerly, who was her friend as well as his, would surely have informed her. That he was in correspondence with Robert, if not personally with him, she assumed as a matter of course.

November and a part of December went by, and the situation remained unchanged. During the last days of December, however, the strain which was upon her grew perceptibly lighter, giving place to an apathetic listlessness which, though merely the result of nervous reaction, alarmed Mrs. Graham not a little. She urged Marian continually to obtain Mr. Westerly's address from his law-partner, who would hardly have been ignorant of it for three months, and to then write to him for information of Robert, thus putting a probable end to the suspense under which she suffered; but Marian, loyal to her belief in Powers above her, and well knowing that nothing but her own impenetrability kept her from receiving the fullest measure of information, felt that she could not seek it on a lower plane of action without inconsistency. At last, however, she yielded to her aunt's pleadings, calm in the realization that the inconsistency was that of conduct, not of motive, and went one afternoon to the law-office of Harmon & Westerly, where she was told that Mr. Harmon was out, but would probably be in soon. The thought of her annt's disappointment if the errand proved fruitless decided her to wait a few minutes, instead of obeying her inclination to go away. She took

up a paper and glanced over it, but the words were without meaning to her, and, laying it down, she looked out of the office windows at the network of wires which extended in every direction, like a gigantic cobweb, under the gray, dreary sky. An hour went by, but she scarcely noticed the lapse of time. The burden which she had carried dropped from her soul, leaving it serene, as of old. Sitting there, in a waking dream, she saw, not the gray sky and the interlacing wires, but Robert's face; sometimes the eyes smiled at her; sometimes they were grave; but in all the varying expressions it was the same dear face. She forgot all fears, all regrets, in a calm in which there was no wish for anything to be; they were together again; the Meadows of Hades enfolded them, and there was sweet peace, and joy without need of words.

A mighty impulse came to her: "I will go home," she thought. "*There is nothing for me here.*"

The cold wind stung her face, but the pain was akin to pleasure. She was alive in every sense, and strangely glad; and she did not question whether such exaltation could last.

Her aunt met her at the door. "We have good news, Marian," she said. "Mr. Westerly is waiting to see you." Her eyes were wet, and her voice trembled.

She removed her wraps, without haste or anxiety. All was well.

"*I* have come, Miss Allen," he said when she had greeted him, "because Mr. Lyman has not yet recovered from the effects of the injury which he received at Portland on the first day of October, and I persuaded him to allow me to talk to you this afternoon while he rests; but he wished me to say to you that he would see you this evening."

"We have been in the city less than three hours," he continued. "We had lunch, I settled Mr. Lyman in his old lodgings, then came here. At Salt Lake City, on the 28th of September, Mr. Lyman and I separated, and I lost all trace of him until I found him in a hospital at San Francisco two weeks ago. An accident occurred to the train upon which he was traveling as it entered Portland, on the morning of his arrival there. Several persons were injured. He was unconscious when found, and remained so for days. His case was considered a serions one, and it was thought best to send him to San Francisco, where he could have the attention of a specialist. His memory was entirely gone. When he recovered consciousness he could not recollect his name, his place of residence, or any other fact of his former life. He

fully realized his condition, and, as he says now, was all the time trying to find someone by whom he could identify himself. I was in the back-woods of Washington when the accident occured, and did not happen to hear of it upon my return to civilization. I reached San Francisco late in November, but failed to find Mr. Lyman there, as I expected. As his name was not on any hotel register I concluded that he had been delayed, and waited two weeks, expecting every day to see him. Now, Miss Allen, comes a rather curious incident; one day while crossing the Ferry between Oakland and San Francisco, I decided that I would insert a personal in one or two of the daily papers, to the effect that I was there and wanted to hear from him. While I was considering how to word it, a gentleman who was crossing also, came up to me and asked if I knew any one by the name of Robert Lyman; I replied that I did,—that it was the name of the man whom I had come to the city to meet, but had not found there. The gentleman then introduced himself as Dr.——,assistant physician at the——Hospital, and informed me that Mr. Lyman was there, under his care. I went with the doctor to the hospital and saw Mr. Lyman; he was recovering his memory slowly, but needed assistance from some one whom he had known well, and I flatter myself that I was useful to him. I asked Dr.——after I had become somewhat acquainted with him, how he happened to ask me if I knew Robert Lyman; he said that he did not know—that the thought that I might know him came into his mind, and he at once asked the question. He explained that the name had been ascertained from the railway ticket. Mr. Lyman's mind is now in its normal condition, except that he is easily fatigued."

A tumult of emotions rushed through Marian's mind; she thought of the needless promise, asked and given, on the Booth-bay shore, of the pitiful, insistent need which had followed her, vainly, through most wearisome weeks, and of the peace that had come to them, almost at the same time. Her eyes were luminous, her face alight, with an all-absorbing, all-pervading ecstacy of sympathy, the fullest, deepest emotion of her life. The inherent, but heretofore unknown, wifehood of her nature asserted itself without doubt or question. Triumphant and compelling, it dominated her.

The fact of this awakening Mr. Westerly could not know, but the meaning of what he saw he did know, and, feeling that she preferred to be alone, he left her.

With clearer vision she saw that a duty was laid upon her,—to add to the sum of her experiences that which she had, perhaps,

never known,—a perfect love, in which, for a brief time, two should walk the upward way together,—steadfast Soul, and Soul of beauty, mutually giving, mutually receiving.

When the evening came she dressed herself with care, reverently glad that in face and form she was fair to look upon. Then she waited in the glow of the red firelight until the man she loved came to his own. A. G. G.

Yoga: the Science of the Soul.

BY G. R. S. MEAD.

(Concluded.)

NOW the object of all religion seems to me to be the union of man with Deity, by whatever means and in whatever sense we understand these terms. The most important part of religion, and the part most easily comprehended by all men, is its ethical teaching. Why this should be so we have hitherto been mostly in ignorance; in fact scepticism has run to such lengths in these latter days that some men of great ability and intelligence deny that there is any scientific basis of ethics, and most assert the impossibility of our ever knowing why we should carry out any particular ethical precept. These teachings are for the most part merely dogmatic commands, or the reasons given are not of an explanatory nature, but rather of the nature of promises or threats. Do this, for otherwise you will not obtain an inheritance in the kingdom of light, and so on.

Now the higher science of the soul is rich in manifold compelling reasons for living a purer and more unselfish life. Asserting, as it does, the possibility of rolling up the dark curtain of sleep, and rending in twain the veil of death while still we live, in the very statement of the method whereby these things are to be accomplished, and of the instruments which man has to use to effect this purpose, it shows that morality is the indispensable preliminary training. Man has to look his own nature squarely in the face before he can look in the face of Nature. If he would tread the solitary path of Yoga whereby he steps out from the ranks of his fellow-beings and becomes a self-appointed pioneer of humanity, he must equip himself with fit instruments and, as the Scripture says truly, "gird himself with the breastplate of righteousness". Without these requisites it is useless to volunteer for this pioneer work.

The track to be followed leads through strange lands, peopled

with strange inhabitants, an inner path that, at the beginning, passes mostly through the country of our own creations that we have at each moment been busily bringing into existence ever since we have had bodies and minds. If we attempt to enter this country unarmed, that is to say, before we have prepared ourselves by a most careful scrutiny into the very recesses of our moral nature, and by a most rigid discipline that never relaxes its vigilance for a moment, then we are like a general in a fort at the head of a mutinous army in league with the enemy outside, and we shall find that in very truth our foes are "they of our own household" and that like attracts like by an unavoidable law of nature.

There is much talk among certain religionists about "conversion", and there is a great truth hidden under the strange externals that so often clothe the idea. Perhaps some of you do not know that the Greek word for repentance, found in the *New Testament* and in the writings of the many mystical schools of the early years of Christianity, means, literally, a change of mind. The theory of this change and the history of its mystical degrees are elaborately treated of by some of these schools, and that which takes place unconsciously in a lower stage of the ordinary conversion, takes place consciously in a higher stage in Yoga. This is the real new birth spoken of by Christian mystics, and this is why Brâhmins (which really means those who are at one with Brahma, the Deity) are called the twice-born. You will understand by what I have said about the importance of the mind in Yoga what this change of mind or repentance means. Now this repentance is of a very mystical nature and one difficult to comprehend. Suppose we look upon the whole series of lives of an individual as a necklace of pearls. The one that hangs lowest in front will represent this turning-point in the whole cycle of births, when the great change of mind occurs which shows that the soul is beginning to shake off the attractions of matter. In each succeeding birth this change will repeat itself on a smaller scale, and those may rejoice to whom it comes early in life. Only let us remember that there is no respect of persons, no aristocracy, no privileges, no monopoly. The path of self-knowledge, self-conquest, and self-devotion is open to everyone of us at every moment of time. It is idle to say: "What you tell me is very fine, but it is not for me!" There is no time but the eternal present. It is idle to put off to the future when none of us know what our past has been. How are we to be sure that we may not have gone some portion of the way before, and that the incidents we have lived through in our present

birth are only the representation on a small scale of the lives we have lived before; that once we have reached the turning-point we shall again repeat all those strivings upwards which have characterized those of our past lives which have been on the ascending path of our soul pilgrimage?

No man can say what power for good may not lie latent in those who are commonly supposed to be most distinctly vicious, once the force of their character is turned in the right direction.

There is nothing historical in religion nor in Yoga. "Choose ye this day what gods ye will serve" is applicable to every moment of our lives. There is no time but the present, and only the ignorant pin their faith to historical events.

Of course this is no new thing to hear. It is very old, very ancient, but what I wish to insist upon is that it is practical and scientific in the best sense of the word; not, however, that I by any means believe that a thing must needs be scientific in the ordinary sense to be true, but because Yoga can claim everything that is best in the scientific method and at the same time immeasurably transcend it. It is necessary to state and restate this, for people are beginning to go in fear and trembling at the term "scientific".

And now if any one asks whether I recommend him to study Yoga, the answer is: If a person honestly tries to live a moral, clean, and unselfish life, he is unconsciously training himself for the practice of this science, and he will thus gradually develop a consciousness of his spiritual nature which will grow into direct cognition, if not in this birth, at any rate in a succeeding incarnation. But I would also go beyond this, for I believe that neither goodness alone nor knowledge alone makes the perfect man, but that the two must join hands to bring him to perfection. I would therefore add: By all means study the theory of Yoga, and as for the practice of it, subject yourself continually to the most searching analysis in order to discern the secret of your motives of action; watch your thoughts, words, and acts; try to discover why you do this or that thing and not another; be ever on your guard. I do not mean to say, use your head only. By no means: use your heart also to its full capacity. Learn to sympathize with all, to feel for everyone; but to yourself be as hard as steel, never condone a fault, never seek an excuse. We need none of us retire from the world to do this; we need not shun association with others; we need not even make a "sunday in the day", as we make a Sunday in the week, in which to turn our thoughts to higher things and for the rest of the time be off our guard. But at the same time it is a most salutary daily practice to try and definitely con-

centrate the mind on some thought, or on some imaginary object in order to learn how to steady it, and to cultivate at the same time a continual aspiration towards and contemplation of the highest ideal we can in any way conceive. Perhaps some of you may think this the advice of a mere mystical platitudinarian, and that you could hear something very much resembling it from the nearest pulpit. Maybe; but my answer is still, Try! Try to find out why you do any particular action, or think some thought; try to fix your mind even for sixty seconds; and try to meditate on some high ideal when you are quiet and alone, and free from all hatred and malice; believe me, you will not repent the endeavor.

Perhaps you have noticed that I have said nothing of the farther practices of the higher Yoga. My reason for the omission is that the subject is too lofty and too sacred for any student like myself to attempt. Its practices are so marvellous and its attainments so stupendous that they absolutely transcend all words and all descriptions; and this is why they are invariably treated of in symbolical and allegorical language. But I need hardly tell students of Theosophy that the Yoga is the most important key to the interpretation of the world-scriptures, a key that even our teacher H. P. Blavatsky refrained from giving. But none of us need feel surprise or resentment at this omission if we reflect that it has been the immemorial custom to withhold the key until the pupil is ready to receive it. It is not withheld for any caprice, for it cannot be kept back when the pupil is ready, and they who hold the key are such as give their life-blood to guard mankind from even greater misery and sorrow than they are at present plunged into—though, indeed, mankind knows not of their ceaseless sacrifice.

It is easy to see that the subject I have dealt with is one of enormous difficulty; I could have presented yon with a long treatise, full of technical terms gleaned from difficult works in a vast library of literature, but my purpose has rather been to try and show that in itself the science of the soul is not beyond the reach of any, and that it is the most practical and important branch of knowledge that man is heir to.

In conclusion, it is well to remember there is one indispensable condition of success in this science, without which our efforts will be as Dead Sea fruit. It must be undertaken solely for the service of others; if it is attempted for ourselves, it will prove nought but an illusion, for it will pertain to the "I am I", to the personal human animal, whose characteristic is selfishness, whereas

the nature of true spiritual Yoga is that of devotion to all beings, of love to all that lives and breathes, and the duty of the disciple becomes like that of the stars of heaven who "take light from none, but give to all".

Companions, may we all tread the path of peace!

Thoughts on Karma.

EVERY day in life we see people overtaken by circumstances either good or bad and coming in blocks all at once or scattered over long periods of time. Some are for a whole life in a miserable condition, and others for many years the very reverse; while still others are miserable or happy by snatches. I speak, of course, of the circumstances of life irrespective of the effect on the mind of the person, for it may often be that a man is not unhappy under adverse circumstances, and some are able to extract good from the very strait lines they are put within. Now all this is the Karma of those who are the experiencers, and therefore we ask ourselves if Karma may fall in a lump or may be strung out over a long space of years. And the question is also asked if the circumstances of this life are the sum total result of the life which has immediately preceded it.

There is a little story told to a German mystic in this century by an old man, another mystic, when asked the meaning of the verse in the Bible which says that the sins of the father will be visited on the children to the third and fourth generation. He said: "There was once an Eastern king who had one son, and this son committed a deed the penalty of which was that he should be killed by a great stone thrown upon him. But as it was seen that this would not repair the wrong nor give to the offender the chance to become a better man, the counsellors of the king advised that the stone should be broken into small pieces, and those be thrown at the son, and at his children and grandchildren as they were able to bear it. It was so done, and all were in some sense sufferers yet none were destroyed". It was argued, of course, in this case that the children and grandchildren could not have been born in the family of the prince if they had not had some hand in the past, in other lives, in the formation of his character, and for that reason they should share to some extent in his punishment. In no other way than this can the Christian verses be understood if we are to attribute justice to the God of the Christians.

Each Ego is attracted to the body in which he will meet his just deserts, but also for another reason. That is, that not only is the body to give opportunity for his just reward or punishment, but also for that he in the past was connected with the family in which the body was born, and the stream of heredity to which it belongs is his too. It is therefore a question not alone of desert and similarity, but one of responsibillty. Justice orders that the Ego shall suffer or enjoy irrespective of what family he comes to; similarity decrees that he shall come to the family in which there is some characteristic similar to one or many of his and thus having a drawing power; but responsibility, which is compounded of justice, directs that the Ego shall come to the race or the nation or the family to which its responsibility lies for the part taken by it in other lives in forming of the general character, or affecting that physical stream of heredity that has so much influence on those who are involved in it. Therefore it is just that even the grandchildren shall suffer if they in the past have had a hand in moulding the family or even in bringing about a social order that is detrimental to those who fall into it through incarnation. I use the word responsibility to indicate something composed of similarity and justice. It may be described by other words probably quite as well, and in the present state of the English language very likely will be. An Ego may have no direct responsibility for a family, national, or race condition, and yet be drawn into incarnation there. In such an event it is similarity of character which causes the place of rebirth, for the being coming to the abode of mortals is drawn like electricity along the path of least resistance and of greatest conductibility. But where the reïncarnating Ego is directly responsibile for family or race conditions, it will decide itself, upon exact principles of justice and in order to meet its obligations, to be reborn where it shall receive, as grandchild if you will, physically or otherwise the results of its former acts. This decision is made at the emergence from Devachan. It is thus entirely just, no matter whether the new physical brain is able or not to pick up the lost threads of memory.

So to-day, in our civilization, we are all under the penalty of our forefathers' sins, living in bodies which medical science has shown are sown with diseases of brain and flesh and blood coming in the turbid stream of heredity through the centuries. These disturbances were brought about by ourselves in other centuries, in ignorance, perhaps, of consequences so far-reaching, but that ignorance lessens only the higher moral responsibility and tends to confine the results to physical suffering. This can very well

lead, as it often does, to efforts on the part of many reïncarnating Egos in the direction of general reform.

It was through a belief in this that the ancients attempted to form and keep up in India a pure family stream such as the highest caste of Brahmin. For they knew that if such a clean family line could be kept existing for many centuries, it would develop the power of repelling Egos on the way to rebirth if they were not in character up to the standard of that stream of life. Thus only teachers by nature, of high moral and spiritual elevation, would come upon the scene to act as regenerators and saviors for all other classes. But under the iron rule of cyclic law this degenerated in time, leaving now only an imitation of the real thing.

A variation of the Eastern story told above is that the advice of the king's counsellors was that the broken stone should be cast at the prince. This was done, and the result was that he was not killed but suffered while the pieces were being thrown. It gives another Karmic law, that is, that a given amount of force of a Karmic character may be thrown at one or fall upon one at once, in bulk, so to say, or may be divided up into smaller pieces, the sum of which represents the whole mass of Karmic force. And so we see it in life. Men suffer through many years an amount of adverse Karma which, if it were to fall all at once, would crush them. Others for a long time have general good fortune that might unseat the reason if experienced in one day; and the latter happens also, for we know of those who have been destroyed by the sudden coming of what is called great good fortune.

This law is seen also in physics. A piece of glass may be broken at once by a single blow, or the same amount of force put into a number of taps continuously repeated will accomplish the same result and mash the glass. And with the emotions we observe the same law followed by even the most ignorant, for we do not tell bad news at once to the person who is the sufferer, but get at it slowly by degrees; and often when disaster is suddenly heard of, the person who hears it is prostrated. In both cases the sorrow caused is the same, but the method of imparting the news differs. Indeed, in whatever direction we look, this law is observed to work. It is universal, and it ought to be applied to Karma as well as to anything else.

Whether the life we are now living is the net result of the one just preceding is answered by Patanjali in his 8th and 9th aphorisms, Book IV.

"From these works there results, in every incarnation, a mani

festation of only those mental deposits which can come to fructification in the environment provided. Although the manifestation of mental deposits may be intercepted by unsuitable environments, differing as to class, place, and time, there is an immediate relation between them, because the memory and the train of self-reproductive thought are identical", and also by other doctrines of the ancients. When a body is taken up, only that sort of Karma which can operate through it will make itself felt. This is what Patanjali means. The "environment" is the body, with the mind, the plastic nature, and the emotions and desires Hence one may have been great or the reverse in the preceding life, and now have only the environment which will serve for the exhaustion of some Karma left over from lives many incarnations distant. This unexhausted Karma is known as stored-up Karma. It may or may not come into operation now, and it can also be brought out into view by violent effort of the mind leading to such changes as to alter the bodily apparatus and make it equivalent to a new body. But as the majority of men are lazy of mind and nature, they suffer themselves to run with the great family or national stream, and so through one life make no changes of this inner nature. Karma in their cases operates through what Patanjali calls "mental deposits". These are the net results stored from each life by *Manas*. For as body dies, taking brain with it, there can be no storage there nor means of connecting with the next earth-life; the division known as *Kama* is dissipated or purged away together with astral body at some time before rebirth; astral body retains nothing—as a general rule—for the new life, and the value or summation of those skandhas which belong to *Kama* is concentrated and deposited in *Manas* or the mind. So, when the immortal being returns, he is really *Manas-Buddhi-Atma* seeking a new environment which is found in a new body, *prana*, *Kama*, and astral double. Hence, and because under the sway of cyclic law, the reïncarnation can only furnish an engine of a horse-power, so to say, which is very much lower than the potential energies stored in *Manas*, and thus there remain unexhausted "mental deposits", or unexhausted Karma. The Ego may therefore be expending a certain line of Karma; always bringing it to similar enviroumeuts until that class of Karmz shall be so exhausted or weakened as to permit another set of "mental deposits" to preponderate, whereupon the next incarnation will be in a different environment which shall give opportunity for the new set of deposits to bring about new or different Karma.

The object that is indicated for life by all this is, to so live and

think during each life as to generate no new Karma, or cause for bondage, while one is working off the stock in hand, in order that on closing each life-account one shall have wiped off so much as that permits. The old "mental deposits" will thus gradually move up into action and exhaustion from life to life, at last leaving the man in a condition where he can master all and step into true consciousness, prepared to renounce final reward in order that he may remain with humanity, making no new Karma himself and helping others along the steep road to perfection.

EUSEBIO URBAN.

"She Being Dead, Yet Speaketh."

(Concluded.)*

EVERY pledge or promise unless built upon four pillars—absolute sincerity, unflinching determination, unselfishness of purpose, and *moral power*, which makes the fourth support and equipoises the three other pillars—is an insecure building. The pledges of those who are sure of the strength of the fourth alone are recorded."

"Are you children, that you want marvels? Have you so little faith as to need constant stimulus, as a dying fire needs fuel! . . . Would you let the nucleus of a splendid Society die under your hands like a sick man under the hands of a quack? . . . You should never forget what a solemn thing it is for us to exert our powers and raise the dread sentinels that lie at the threshold. They cannot hurt *us*, but they can avenge themselves by precipitating themselves upon the unprotected neophyte. You are all like so many children playing with fire because it is pretty, when you ought to be men studying philosophy for its own sake."

"If among you there was one who embodied in himself the idea depicted, it would be my duty to relinquish the teacher's chair to him. For it would be the extreme of audacity in me to claim the possession of so many virtues. That the MASTERS do in proportion to their respective temperaments and stages of Bodhisatvic development possess such Paramitas, constitutes their right to our reverence as our Teachers. It should be the aim of each and all of us to strive with all the intensity of our natures to follow and imitate Them . . . Try to realize that progress is made step by step, and each step gained by *heroic* effort. Withdrawal means despair or timidity . . . Conquered passions, like slain tigers, can no longer turn and rend you. Be hopeful then, not despairing. With *each* morning's awakening try to live through the day in harmony with the Higher Self. 'Try' is the battle-cry taught by

* Extracts from letters of H. P. B., read on "White Lotus Day", May 8, 1892, at the New York Headquarters.

the teacher to each pupil. Naught else is *expected* of you. *One who does his best does all that can be asked.* There is a moment when even a Buddha ceases to be a sinning mortal and takes his first step towards Buddhahood. The sixteen Paramitas (virtues) are not for priests and yogis alone, as said, but stand for models for us all to strive after—and neither priest nor yogi, Chela nor Mahatma, ever attained all at once . . . The idea that sinners and not saints are expected to enter the Path is emphatically stated in the *Voice of the Silence.*"

"I do not believe in the success of the . . T. S. unless you assimilate *Master* or myself; unless you work with me and THEM, hand in hand, heart . . . Yes; let him who offers himself to Masters as a chela, unreservedly, . . . let him do what *he can* if he would ever see Them. . . . Then things were done *because I alone was responsible for the issues.* I alone had to bear Karma in case of failure and *no reward* in case of success. . . . I saw the T. S. would be smashed or that *I had to offer myself as the Scapegoat for atonement.* It is the latter I did. The T. S. lives,—I am *killed.* Killed in my honor, fame, name, in everything H. P. B. held near and dear, for this body is MINE and I feel acutely through it. . . . I may err in my powers as H. P. B. I have not worked and toiled for forty years, playing parts, risking my future reward, and taking karma upon this unfortunate appearance to serve Them without being permitted to have some voice in the matter. H. P. B. is not infallible. H. P. B. is an old, rotten, sick, worn-out body, but it is the best I can have in this cycle. Hence follow the path I show, the Masters that are behind—and do not follow me or my PATH. When I am dead and gone in this body, then will you know the whole truth. Then will you know that I have *never, never* been false to any one, nor have I deceived anyone, but had many a time to allow them to deceive themselves, for I had no right to interfere with their Karma. . . . Oh ye foolish blind moles, all of you; who is able to offer himself in sacrifice as I did!"

LITERARY NOTES.

JUNE LUCIFER is one of the strong numbers. W. R. Old in "Zodiacal Symbology" writes with learning and charm of the fantasies in those curious old signs. Mrs. Besant concludes the articles on "Reincarnation" which are soon to be issued as a pamflet. In her many glorious writings she has perhaps never surpassed the glory of this. The finished language flows musically along in the liquid beauty an artist loves, sparkling and clear and pure, voluminous in fact and illustration, yet never losing the rhythmic melody which captivates the ear while the mind is seized. It closes with an outburst of prophetic eloquence, a Hallelujah of Immortality. Mr. Mead begins a topic of great interest, one which sorely needs a distinct exposition, "Simon Magus", and, after thorough analysis of all sources of information, opens what is evidently to be an ac-

curate study. It will not be valuable only for its facts: Theosophists grow confident as they find the campaign against old ecclesiasticisms and sturdy errors led by men of real learning, men who know Greek and history, and who have both the muscle and the weapons to face Church Doctors in their own domains. "The Sheaths of the Soul" is another important article, continuing the matter of "Mesmerism". A pitiful account of the last hours of Francesco Montoliu shows Jesuitism as virulent and perverse as ever, twisting the utterances of delirium into a warrant for greased extremities and a passport to Paradise. In a most straight-forward, manly, level-headed announcement under "The Oriental Department", Bro. G. R. S. Mead, as General Secretary of the European Section, says outspokenly that the latest of its issues was a mistake, and that he is going to have no more nonsense or Hatha Yoga put forth to the misleading of weak Theosophists and the dismay of strong. Henceforth Eastern articles are to be edifying or they wont appear. He delights American Theosophists with a munificently full account of the N. Y. Headuarters. *Lucifer* prints in italics an Editorial Notice that no more of "The Philosophy of Perfect Expression" can be printed. This was a series over the signature of the Countess of Caithness, "Duchesse de Pomar", but has been discovered to have been really written and published by a Mrs. Wilmans of Georgia a year ago. *Lucifer* makes things as easy as possible for the "Duchesse", but unless we under-estimate the reverence for coronets in Georgia sterner expressions will there be used.—[A. F.]

June Theosophist. "Old Diary Leaves III" is a narrative of phenomena occurring during the residence of H. P. B. and Col. Olcott in Philadelphia. The one first recorded is the instantaneous precipitation of names and date in a blank book then upon the Colonel's person; the second, an elaborate picture upon white satin, partly by H. P. B. herself, partly by occult means; then the hemming of a set of towels by an elemental in a closed book-case. An excellent instance of her disappearance from sight is given, one much like that of Ram Lal in *Mr. Isaacs*, also various minor phenomena, the article closing with a warm, even eloquent, paragraph. Mr. Edge continues "The Mystery Cards" and narrates some astonishing disclosures by them in recent experiments at Adyar; curious instances of "Elemental and Elementary Pranks" are vouched for by P. R. V. Iyer; the paper read by S. E. Gopalacharlu on "The Mystical Meaning of the White Lotus" last May 8th is printed. In the address at Adyar on White Lotus Day, and in a slip affixed to the June issue, the way is cautiously, and somewhat dexterously, opened for the withdrawal of the Presidential resignation. If Col. Olcott is satisfied that a return to executive work is essential to the welfare of our movement, and if his Teachers should order him to cancel his resignation and remain in office till the end of his life, he will obey, health or no health. As successive utterances seem to voice this possibility with increasing distinctness, it may be that the prayer of the American Convention is not long to be denied.—[A. F.]

Dr. Franz Hartmann has done another service to Theosophy by translating into German *The Voice of the Silence*. The first section is published in paper with a singularly beautiful design of lotus-flowers on the cover, and is sold by the publisher, Wilhelm Friedrich, K. R. Hopbuchhandler, Leipzig, for one mark.

Theosophical Siftings, Vol. v, No. 5, gives an able and charming paper by Dr. J. D. Buck on "The Secret Doctrine and the Higher Evolution of Man".

The charm is partly in the matter, partly in the musical quality of the periods. This is especially marked in the earlier pages, and the last page of all is one of the noblest ever coming from his pen. One part of the paper needs somewhat more directness and precision,—the answer (p. 14) to the second part of the question propounded. Mr. Bertram Keightley furnishes "Notes on Theosophy and Education",—well done, of course; and there is a brief paper by Maurice Fredal on "Conduct", containing some good specimens of antithetical reasoning.—[A. F.]

"THEOSOPHY: A POPULAR EXPOSITION" is the title of the new book by Mr. Claude F. Wright, to be issued by the Humboldt Publishing Co. Mr. Wright was for years upon the staff of Madame Blavatsky, a member of the household and in attendance upon her person, and immediately upon arrival in America was invited by this firm to prepare a Theosophical work. It is of 130 pages, paper covers, and may be ordered of the PATH for 30 cents.

THE COLUMBUS OF LITERATURE, by W. F. C. Wigston, aims to prove Lord Bacon the founder of a Rosicrucian order and his philosophy an occult symbolism allied to ancient Theosophy. It exhibits much research, some ingenuity, and entire freedom from conventional prejudices, but the style is bad and the punctuation villainous, while grammatical blunders disgrace it throughout. It should be re-written by an educated person. (P. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago.)—[A. F.]

THEOSOPHICAL SIFTINGS, Vol. v, No. 6, is "The Philosophy of Self-Knowledge" by Dr. Franz Hartmann. Dr. Hartmann never writes anything that is not elevating and invigorating, and this paper, besides many passages most true and helpful, shows an evident effort to attain more precision and definiteness of statement than heretofore. This is in part achieved. Yet the paper is not an exposition of the "Philosophy", but a dissertation upon it. To be an exposition it would have to be systematically, connectedly, precisely worked out and stated, and not a mere series of discursive observations, however valuable. In particular must the question, *What then must we do for the purpose of attaining divine wisdom*, (page 19), be answered with definiteness. Nor is it correct to say, (page 6), that "Self-knowledge is the power by which a being truly realizes its own state of existence". Self-knowledge is not a power, but a result gained by the exercise of a power. Later on the same page, self-knowledge is defined as "the manifestation of the power of truth", etc. Still, in spite of some confusions and inadequacies the article has the true ring, and will, like the author's other works, help on to right thought and life.—[A. F.]

OBITUARY NOTICE. With profound and tender regret the PATH records the passage from this incarnation of Mrs. Georgiana S. Bowman, F. T. S., for 39 years the wife of Mr. Henry Bowman, Secretary of the Aurora Branch. Mrs. Bowman beautifully illustrated the power of Theosophy in moulding a character to grace and in prompting a life to beneficence, and the light which irradiated her own soul she was never weary in scattering abroad. No wonder, then, that letters and papers from the Pacific Coast tell of the blow which has fallen on Theosophists and the Society. She was one of the active organizers of the Eureka Branch at Sacramento, and a steady helper in the work of her own Branch, the Aurora. Her illness was brief, and its close so sudden that she was spared the pain of seeing the grief crushing her loved ones around. A service was held at Oakland, and then the remains were removed to Los Angeles for cremation, where in the open air and under the Southern California

sky tender memories and hopes were spoken and soft music soothed the sadness. Then the many friends gathered about the body and in unison recited the last seven lines of *The Light of Asia*. Pure in life, it was fitting that no corruption from death should soil her, and the fire which on higher planes had refined and purified her soul, on this lower plane removed from the touch of decay that body which had so long enshrined it.

Mirror of the Movement.

ANNIE BESANT T. S., Fort Wayne, Ind., is the latest Branch to secure a Headquarters. It has rented rooms in a desirable section, furnished and carpeted them comfortably, and rejoices in their frescoes and generally attractive appearance. Therein is housed the library of between 300 and 400 books, which the Branch purposes to enlarge by adding from 50 to 100, and then make it free to the public on three days and nights each week besides the meeting night. This will be the Headquarters for the whole of Indiana, and varied activities will be begun.

THE HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK has now a weekly class for the study of the *Secret Doctrine*, led by Claude F. Wright, a pupil of H. P. B. and late Secretary of the Blavatsky Lodge. It opened with 17, and in two weeks rose to 30 members. During the intermission of Aryan meetings an informal, semi-social gathering assembles at the Headquarters rooms on Monday evenings for better acquaintance of members of the Aryan, Brooklyn, and Harlem Branches, and for chatty discussion of Theosophical topics.

KSHANTI T. S., Victoria, British Columbia, was chartered on July 4th. Of the eleven Charter-members only one was previously an F. T. S., the others being fruits of his labors and of Dr. Allen Griffiths's. The Branch is the 62d on the American roll and the second on Canadian territory.

WILLAMETTE T. S., Portland, Oregon, has begun a course of free public lectures on Sunday evenings in the hall, No. 171 1-2 Second st. The first was contributed by Bro. John H. Scotford upon "Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood". Wherever Bro. Scotford goes, work begins.

A CHARTER WAS ISSUED July 11th to the new Branch at Montreal, Canada, the third Branch in Canadian territory. It is called the "Mount Royal T. S.," has five Charter-Members, and is 63d on the American Roll. Its formation is mainly due to the active work of Bro. Henry Cohen of the Annie Besant T. S.

STILL ANOTHER CHARTER WAS ISSUED on July 16th. This is to the "Cambridge T. S.", located in Cambridge, Mass., and virtually an offshot from the Boston T. S. It has five Charter-Members, and is 64th on the Roll of American Branches.

MALDEN T. S., having refused longer heed to counsels urging idleness, stagnation, and a mere pretense to Branch existence, is experiencing the thrill of real life and growth. The local papers contain good notices nearly every week, the new Headquarters are to be kept open right through the summer, the regular Monday evening meeting goes on, and every Sunday from 2 to 6 p. m. the room is open for readings and face-to-face talks. The notion that Theos-

ophy means slumber, and that the ideal Theosophist does nothing and pays no dues, has probably forever lost esteem in Malden. The new Secretary is Mrs. Mary F. Barns, 44 Acorn st.

Blavatsky T. S., Washington, D. C., enjoyed in June a lecture from Dr. J. D. Buck of Cincinnati on "The Secret Doctrine". Denison Hall was filled. Some of the Baltimore Brethren were present, and they and their hosts purpose an effort for lectures from Dr. B. next winter.

Pacific Coast Items.

Dr. Allen Griffiths, Pacific Coast Lecturer, was most successful in his work at Victoria, B. C., lecturing and privately expounding. A Branch was formed as one result. He was to have lectured in New Westminister and in Vancouver, but was unexpectedly called south. The papers in each place, however, printed long articles which he contributed in default of a lecture.

Seattle, W. T., had three public lectures from Dr. Griffiths, upon "The Origin, Development, and Destiny of the Human Race", "Reincarnation", and "Karma". Interest grew, the hall could not contain all comers, and the lecturer was besieged with questions. The press gave copious reports and commented favorably upon Theosophy. Two parlor talks were also conducted by Dr. G. Much of the success is due to Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett and Mr. Schwägerl, whose enviable Karma ever grows.

Port Townsend gave Dr. Griffiths on June 26th one of the best audiences ever assembled in the "Key City of the Sound". Doctors, lawyers, and editors turned out *en masse*, a coterie of army officers and their wives attended, an ex-United States Senator took an active part in the meeting and assisted in making the collection. The interest was deep, many questions were put, and the meeting did not close till long after 10. Each of the three local papers gave a full account. The subject of the lecture was "Theosophy, Karma, and Reincarnation". This was one of the very best meetings yet held by the lecturer.

Whatcome, W. T., heard the Pacific Coast Lecturer on June 28, the subject being as in Port Townsend. The five papers all commented favorably save one, and its report refuted the attack in the editorial. On the 30th the lecture was in Fair Haven, where again was found a deeply interested audience and a sympathetic press. The librarian of the Free Library said he should introduce therein Theosophical literature. On July 3d at Seattle the lecture was upon "The Aryan Race; comparison of Occident and Orient; the Caste System of India, and other Eastern Customs", and corrected many errors popular here.

Three lectures were given at Tacoma, Washington, by the Pacific Coast Lecturer in the Unitarian Church: July 8th, "The Origin, Development, and Destiny of the Race"; July 10th, "Reincarnation"; 11th, "Karma". On the 10th the auditorium of the church was filled by one of the most intelligent and interested audiences.

The Narada Branch, Tacoma, Wash., though having suffered the loss by removal of three of its leaders, is keeping up the work and really acting with vigor. Bro. H. A. Gibson, acting President, is ably supported by the Branch in all meetings. Regular public meetings are held each Sunday, and entire harmony prevails.

"*The A, B, C of Theosophy* is the name of a eight-page leaflet issued as a supplement to *The Pacific Theosophist*. It will prove invaluable, and is just the thing to hand to enquirers so often met who say, "Tell me what Theosophy is, in a few words." This leaflet informs beginners what books to read, and includes a full catalogue of T. S. books. It may be had for 1 cent apiece or 75 cents per 100 of *Pacific Theosophist*, care People's Savings Bank, Seattle, Wash." [Communicated.]

One result of the Pacific Coast Lecturer's visit to Puget Sound is the inauguration of a local lecture bureau. Mrs. A. L. Blodgett, of Seattle Branch, will shortly visit and deliver lectures on Theosophy in a number of Sound towns.

Notice about Oriental Department.

AMERICAN SECTION.

In *Lucifer* for June, 1892, Bro. G. R. S. Mead, General Secretary European Section, gives notice on this subject and makes an apology referring to the Oriental Department and involves me in confession of error in these words, "But in the case of the Oriental Department both my respected colleague, William Q. Judge, the General Secretary of the American Section, and myself have erred through too great love of the East rather than from any other cause".

I beg to decline being involved in any such confession or in the apology found in the rest of the notice, and reiterate what was said in my annual report to the Convention of 92, in these words:

"I have had from many quarters in the Society expressions of appreciation of the work of this Department. In the course of time the work of the Department will be found to be of the greatest use. Meanwhile those Theosophists who do not wish to read the opinions of the ancient Hindûs, from whom, indeed, the Theosophical philosophy has come, can easily *refrain from reading the publications of this Department.*"

We must take the Indian works as we find them, being only compelled by our laws to omit such portions as appear to the hypocritical and over-prudish modern western mind to approach the line of impropriety; and if the judgment of the Editor of this Department is against some or any yoga treatises, those can be omitted. But I deny any error and make no apology. All that I regret about this Department, in America, is its great lack of funds. The thanks of America are extended to the Hindûs who have helped us.

William Q. Judge.
General Secretary American Section T. S.

NOTE FROM COL. OLCOTT TO THEOSOPHISTS.

I have just received a digest of the Resolutions passed by the American Convention relative to my retirement and Mr. Judge's reëlection as General Secretary of the Section. As my resignation was not thoughtlessly offered nor without sufficient reasons, I shall not cancel it—save as I have been forced to do temporarily in the financial interest of the Society—until a long enough time has been given me to see what effect the invigorating air of these lovely mountains will have upon my health, and I become satisfied that a return to executive work is essential to the welfare of our movement. Besides the meeting of the European Convention in July, I am expecting other important

events to happen and I shall give no answer until then. Meanwhile, however, my heart is touched by the universal tokens of personal regard and official approval which have reached me from all parts of the world. H. S. OLCOTT.

Gulistan, Ootacamund, India, 25th May, 1892.

THE ASHES OF MADAME BLAVATSKY.

A permanent Headquarters building for the American Section being now actually possessed, the General Secretary, pursuant to the arrangement made by Col. Olcott at the London Convention last year, will bring with him on his return to America that portion of Madame Blavatsky's ashes which was assigned to the guardianship of the American Section. It is to repose in the Headquarters. The purchase of a suitable urn and the preparation of a secure mural receptacle will involve some expense—one, however, to which her pupils in Theosophy may well feel contribution a privilege. As the work should be undertaken immediately upon the General Secretary's return, American Theosophists are invited to forward their kind offerings to me before August 15th if possible. Acknowledgment under initials will be made in September PATH, and a full description of the plan adopted will be published promptly.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,
144 Madison Ave, New York.

NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS BUDGET.

Deficiency reported in July				$2,124 94	
Additional outlay				363 92	
Actual deficiency					$2488 86
Contributions since July report:—					
Members of Aryan T.S	$125 00	F. N.	$ 1 00		
J. H. F.	5 00	C. M. R.	2 00		
H. E.	1 00	J. B. (add'l)	10 00		
Narada T. S.	3 50	A. B. Sussex	4 84		
Total			$152 34		
Actual deficiency (July 20th)					2,336 52

THANKSGIVING.

The General Secretary's appeal for help towards office expenses has had many and generous responses. To and including July 18th, there has been received from Branches $118.50, from individuals $726.17; total, $844.67. To all who have thus contributed to relieve his mind from anxiety, and to any others who may wish wholly to free it, he sends a warm message of appreciation and thanks.

Indian Letter.

GULISTAN, OOTACAMUND, *7th June.*

Gulistan will doubtless become a household world in the T. S. soon, and the "Garden of Roses" will develop in time into an orchard of Theosophic fruit.

It is certainly pleasanter working among the Biue Mountains of Coimbatoor surrounded by flowers and foliage refreshing by its greenness and in a temperate climate than in the heat of Adyar, albeit that the latter is a pleasant place in itself. Up here the pallid cheeks of the dweller in the plains vanish, and a healthy activity takes the place of the alas! too frequent listlessness of the Madrasee.

To revert to other matters. A French cook, it is said, can from a simple bone and an humble and unpretentious potato concoct an excellent *potage*, so also can the President-Founder from his small means and light purse, with the aid of his artistic genius, fit up for himself a charming little residence. The sitting-room in which the present lines are written is very bright and cheery, and contains mementoes of the past history of the Society, groups of all the Conventions, relics collected during the Colonel's travels, a beautiful bronze medallion portrait of H. P. B. by O'Donovan from life, a very excellent portrait, diplomas of various Societies, photographs of the Lights of the French schools of Hypnotism, etc., etc.

We expect Prince Harisinghi Rupsinghi, an old and faithful Theosophist, here on a visit in the course of a week or so, and innumerable Theosophists have stated their intention of coming from time to time to see the "Colonel Sahib."

We received at Adyar, recently, a visit from Mr. Ernest M. Bowden, the author of that charming little volume, the *Imitation of Buddha*. This gentleman is on a tour through India with the especial intention of investigating Buddhism in the land of its birth.

At the present time we are in the dead season out here; nearly everyone is away and but little is doing. Work goes on steadily, however, but there is nothing particular to report. Bertram Keightley is just returning to Adyar after his long tour, and he will probably be in residence for some months. We have suffered a great loss in the death of Rustomj Ardeshir Master of Bombay, one of our oldest and most devoted members. S. V. E.

European Section Convention.

The Convention opened at 10:15 in the hall of the Blavatsky Lodge at Headquarters, 19 Avenue Road, London. For three days before, the delegates from various parts of Europe were arriving and the houses filling up. Some 75 delegates were at the opening hour. The Convention was called to order by Bro. G. R. S. Mead, General Secretary, who as temporary chairman organized the Convention and called for election of permanent Chairman. On motion of Mrs. Besant, Bro. William Q. Judge was elected chairman.

The chairman addressed the meeting, calling attention to the need for a lecturer in England and Europe, and also explained the American resolutions about Col. Olcott. He then read the greetings to the Convention from America, and also a telegram just received from Col. Olcott, reading:

Madras, to Blavatsky, London. Accept our most hearty congratulations. Hope you may succeed in your endeavors.—OLCOTT.

The telegram was received with applause.

Among the delegates were those from Spain, Holland, Germany, Austria, France, Ireland, Scotland, and many other places.

Bro. Mead then read his report for the preceding year, showing much of great interest, proving the benefit of the amalgamation of the British and other centers into a single section. Sixteen lending libraries were started in the year. He showed that Mrs. Besant had delivered 136 lectures; 150 volumes were added to Reference Library, making 1129 books in all. Nine charters were issued, making 25 active Branches and 41 active centers. The Blavatsky Lodge has 300 members. Four hundred and forty diplomas were issued and 20 resignations received. 711£ received. H. P. B. Memorial Fund has £152 on hand. 2751£ were contributed during the year in all, for Theosoph-

ical purposes. One hundred and fifty-six books were published, 12 translated, and 18 in process of translation. The T. S. League has established a day and night nursery for babies which does not make distinctions as to the birth of the babies offered for care. Swedish Branches were shown to have published 12 new books with 10 on the way, these being translations of standard T. S. matter. In Spain many books and other matter have been published. The French work now looks well, due to the work of E. J. Coulomb. Emile Bournouf has given help to the French T. S. magazine. In Russia the censorship will not allow any of our T. S. matter to get into the country. The report graphically showed how Theosophy had been discussed in the palace and the workhouse, as Col. Olcott had an interview with the King of Sweden, and in a workhouse there had been inquiries and readings of Theosophical tracts.

Letter from the Indian Section was read, showing that the plan of sectional organization has been successful and beneficial, and also thanking Europe for its work and activity; the hope that Annie Besant would visit India was expressed; the American resolutions on Olcott were declared to be concurred in by the Indian Section.

Mrs. Besant then reported that the casket made by Herr Benggston of Sweden, for the ashes of H. P. B. had been finished and was on the way from Sweden and might at any time arrive.

Bro. Mead took the chair at 11:50 a.m. and put the vote on the succession to the presidency of the Society, which was unanimous for William Q. Judge. This was received with applause. The resolution was as follows:

WHEREAS—The President-Founder T. S., Col. Olcott, owing to ill health has placed his resignation in the hands of the Vice-President, William Q. Judge, and

WHEREAS—The vote of the European Section T. S. having been duly taken by the General Secretary and the result declared that the choice of the European Section of a President to succeed Col. Olcott is William Q. Judge,

RESOLVED—That this Convention unanimously and enthusiastically confirms this vote and chooses William Q. Judge as the succeeding President of the Theosophical Society.

Mrs. Besant then presented resolutions regarding Col. Olcott as follows:

RESOLVED—That this Convention hereby puts on record its regret that ill health should have necessitated the resignation of the President-Founder from office, and tenders to Col. H. S. Olcott the expression of its lasting gratitude for the pioneer work he has so bravely and zealously performed.

That this Convention also tenders the President-Founder the expression of its highest appreciation of the unselfishness, assiduity, and open-mindedness which have marked the long years of his office; it also fully recognizes the large share he has taken in building up the Society, rejoices to learn that the Society will still have the benefit of his counsel in the future, and sincerely hopes that his restoration to health may be speedy and permanent.

RESOLVED—That this Convention assents to the proposal of the Blavatsky Lodge to open a fund for a testimonial to the retiring President-Founder, Col. H. S. Olcott, and hereby establishes such a fund in the hands of the General Secretary and the Treasurer of the European Section.

Unanimously carried.

The resolutions of the American Section asking Col. Olcott to revoke his resignation were then taken up, and it was resolved about as follows: That while agreeing with the American Section in its fraternal spirit, the answer just made by Col. Olcott renders any further action on that point impossible.

Some amendments to the European Constitution were then taken up. A committee of five was appointed to consider and report on any proposition for the amendment of the General Rules T. S., especially regarding General Convention, terms of office, and basis of representation.

Afternoon session. Delegates and visitors assembled at 2:30 p.m., with

William Q. Judge in the chair. A Committee of five was appointed to make recommendations to the General Council of the T. S. to report at 10 a.m. on the 15th inst. A lively discussion took place on the motion to make a Library Committee.

Bro. Coulomb, representing France, then spoke in French on the work in France. Telegram from Limerick, Ireland, of congratulation was then read. The Spanish delegate, Bro. Xifre, read the Spanish report, Mme. de Neufville spoke for Holland, and Countess Wachtmeister for Sweden as their proxy. General discussion on the subject of Theosophical work then was taken up, which was continued until recess.

After recess the delegates and visitors and T. S. members filled the Blavatsky Lodge Hall and took up the discussion of "Mental Action", which was opened by William Q. Judge as chairman, followed by Bro. Xifre for Spain in Spanish, translated by William Q. Judge. Mme. de Neufville spoke for Holland, followed by Herbert Burrows, W. R. Old, G. R. S. Mead, Wm. Kingsland, and others. This discussion was closed by Annie Besant in a speech of fifteen minutes' length. The first day then closed at 10 p. m., having done much good to the members present.

SECOND DAY.

The delegates assembled promptly at 10 a. m. in the same place with Bro. Judge as Chairman. Various reports from the Bow Working Girls' Club, the Press, and other activities were then read by the Secretary. The Bow Club, which was started by H. P. Blavatsky, has done very good work, and numbers 300 working-girls. They use the place every night. Library and propaganda fund shows increase; 450 books are in the Duke street reading-room, but, probably in consequence of location, not many use it. Many lending libraries have been established in various towns; 150 volumes were added to the Headquarters Library, making in all 1129 volumes. Most of the books on Occultism and all on Theosophy are in the library. After discussion it was decided not to enlarge the *Vahan*.

A donation of $100 was ordered to be made to the New York Headquarters as a slight acknowledgment of what America had done for the movement.

PRESIDENT'S TERM OF OFFICE.

At 11:45 the question of the term of office of the successor to Col. Olcott was taken up, and after the call of ayes and noes it was decided by 28 for and 16 against that there should be no limitation on his term of office. It was recommended that other officers should act from year to year, and that General Conventions ought to be every three years and in India. On this voting an amendment was proposed by Bro. H. Burrows that the term of office of the President should be limited, and on this amendment to the report of the Committee that considered the matter the above vote resulted.

H. P. B.'S ASHES.

After recess the Convention was called to order and received the casket made in Sweden for the ashes of H. P. B. The Convention remained standing while the chairman uncovered the casket which was placed on the table in front of the chair. In it were the ashes contained in a copper vase, the one into which they were deposited last May by Col. Olcott, William Q. Judge, and Annie Besant. After a few words from the chair business was proceeded with and the casket remained on the table until adjournment. It is made of copper, by hand, and represents an oriental *dagoba* resting on a square platform of three

steps, and at each corner of the platform is a smaller *dagoba* holding a square block. The top is finished with a silver lotus out of which bursts a golden flame. The whole looks like a small round temple, dome-shaped, resting on the platform. The smaller vase that holds the ashes is placed inside the dome, and the whole locked by an ingenious device. The platform is 24 1-4 inches square and the dome two feet high. The smaller *dagobas* at the corners are eight inches high. It will be photographed soon, so that those who desire can possess a copy. With the ashes was also deposited a document testifying to the matter as follows:

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify, each for himself, that on the 15th day of July, 1892, at 19 Avenue Road in the City of London, in the front room called "H. P. B's Room", we witnessed the placing of the ashes of H. P. Blavatsky within this vase or receptacle by Herr Sven Benggston from designs by R. Machell, and the said ashes being in their turn within a copper Indian vase. To all of which this shall be testimony. Signed: Constance Wachtmeister, Annie Besant, William Q. Judge, Isabel Cooper-Oakley, Walter R. Old, Alice L. Cleather, G. R. S. Mead, Laura M. Cooper, Edward T. Sturdy.

Resolutions of thanks to Sweden and to the artist Benggston, as also to R. Machell, F. T. S., who made the designs, were passed unanimously. At the same time Gen. and Mrs. Gordon presented a portrait in oil of Col. Olcott by a member of the Scotch Academy to the library.

A recommendation was passed for the General Council that the President of T. S. cannot be removed except by vote of the entire Society; and another by Annie Besant was carried repelling the charges sometimes made of dogmatism. The chair then stated that a member of the Society who did not wish his name mentioned was endeavoring to get up a Theosophical Congress for the World's Fair in Chicago, and thought he had a large percentage of the expense subscribed, but that members could subscribe. This Congress, if carried out, is to have Hindû, European, and American delegates, and to continue a month or so. Mr. Judge said he was unable himself to do any thing about it, and that at present the gentleman referred to would not give his name, having a prejudice against that.

French and Spanish delegates then addressed the meeting, followed by Kingsland, Mead, and others. Bro. Judge then closed the regular session of the Convention in a twenty-minute speech, adjuring all to be true to the Cause, to our ideals, and to Universal Brotherhood, and then declared the deliberations at an end. Thus closed the best Convention that has yet been held in the Society, as testified to by those who had seen those in every Section.

PUBLIC MEETING.

In the evening of the 15th there was a free public meeting at Prince's Hall, Picadilly, presided over by Bro. Judge. The chair opened the meeting by speaking of the Society and its principal doctrines. A large audience that filled the hall and galleries listened intently and remained to the close of the proceedings. Bro. Mead followed, and then Charles, Count Leiningen, then Herbert Burrows, and last Annie Besant. Applause was given every speaker, and when Annie Besant finished the applause was enthusiastic. The platform was filled by the delegates, and represented every country but India.

The gods, oh man, are not without; they reside within you; and their earthly dominion is among the fleeting atoms of your body.—*Book of Items.*

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